UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

A Victim of the System

By FRANCIS NEILSON

"The Odor of Sanctity"

By ORVILLE B. SWIFT

Experiences With the Department of Justice

VOLUME LXXXVI NUMBER 2

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXVI THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1920 Number 2

ASSURANCE.

If life has naught for us beyond this earth—
A few brief, zestful years, then rayless night;
If that which buoys our hearts, that inner light,
Is but a hope which in our fear has birth;
If only these we have: bright childhood dreams,
Youth's forward urge, strong manhood's doughty deeds,
Then sweet old age, which loving memory feeds—
These are enough, though false all future gleams.
To view one dawn is worth a lifetime's price;
To greet one spring, that will long griefs repay;
To trust one friend makes glad a pilgrim way;
Though night come fast, these will our hearts suffice.
They will suffice—and yet, beyond the night,
There waits a Day of days, an undreamed Light!

Thomas Curtis Clark.

Was there ever such a presidential campaign? Was there ever such a minimum of popular interest in what should be an epoch-making event? Senator Harding, sure of his election, is staying safely on his front porch, making careful speeches on what are called "the political issues." Heavy, deliberate, devoid of thrill, without one spark of divine fire, the Republican candidate is at least serious and dignified, and apparently resolved to appeal his case to the reason and good sense of the voters. Governor Cox, on the other hand, is much more active and noisy. By the same token is he vulgar and indecent—perfectly willing, apparently, to conduct his campaign in the gutter and submit his case to the arbitrament of prejudice, passion and blind partisanship. He evidently realizes that he has only a chance for election, and wants to make that chance a desperate one. Meanwhile, the public is frankly uninterested. It finds the League of Nations issue as dead as the League itself. It laughs at the charges and countercharges on campaign funds, for it knows that both parties need money, and will get it from about the same sources, and in about the same ways. It realizes that the industrial situation, especially on the side of labor, is mighty serious, but it looks in vain for any remedy from either candidate. It is hot about the high cost of living, but profoundly skeptical of any assistance from either one of the two great parties. What wonder that interest is down to zero! Most voters will cast their ballots, as a matter of habit, for the Republican or Democratic tickets. Some liberals and radicals will vote for Harding on the League of Nations issue, others will vote for Cox on his labor record; most will be divided between Debs and Christenson. The stay-at-home vote will be the largest on record. And Warren Gamaliel Harding will be elected, because the overwhelming majority of the people, for some reason or other, good or bad, have a grudge against Woodrow Wilson.

Senator Harding never spoke a truer or better word than when he said the following on August 28th last:

> If I should be elected President of this just and honorable republic, I will not empower an assistant-secretary of the navy to draft a constitution for helpless neighbors in the West Indies and jam it down their throats at the point of bayonets borne by United States marines. Nor will I misuse the power of the executive to cover with a veil of secrecy repeated acts of unwarranted interference in domestic affairs of the little republics of the western hemisphere.

Here the Senator uncovers a page of government so terrible that, even in these sad days of disillusionment, it is almost impossible to associate it with the name and administration of Woodrow Wilson. The full story of Hayti, for example, as now being told in journals like the *Nation* and the *Crisis*, brings to mind not only the shameful days of the water-cure and "Hell-roaring Jake" in the Philippines, but even the horrors of English rule in Ireland and German rule in Belgium. The Wilson administration has practiced incredible tyrannies upon our West Indian neighbors; it has been as indifferent to the rights of black men outside our borders as within. For a President with such a record at home, to talk about "self-dependence of nationalities" abroad, would be unbelievable had not Mr. Wilson long since made us acquainted with egregious inconsistencies of this kind. Mr. Harding's statement is welcome. It brings to the surface of public knowledge what has all too long been submerged by the flood of more stupendous and dramatic events in Europe.

Senator Harding's reference to Mexico in this same speech is disquieting:

> "I will not submit," he said, "to any wrong against any American citizen, with respect to his life or his property, by any government. . . . The entire resources of this nation are pledged to maintain the sacredness of American lives and the just protection of American properties."

What does this mean? Invasion of Mexico whenever some irresponsible brigand of the Villa or Zapata type pounces upon an American miner or an American-owned mine? A declaration of war against our southern neighbor, to be fought at the expense of tens of thousands of lives and millions of dollars, whenever a crowd of Wall Street financial adventurers arranges a raid or a kindnapping as an excuse for intervention? As there is no worse page on

President Wilson's record than that of his treatment of Hayti, so is there no better page than that of his treatment of Mexico. He has been patient, tolerant, kindly in his policy toward a nation which, sorely beset, needs sympathy and not vindictive threats. That this policy has kept us out of war with Mexico is certain, as witness the testimony of Mr. Norman Hapgood in his new book, "The Advancing Hour." If now this policy is to be reversed by the Republicans, we should know it. Mr. Harding must speak on this question in straight terms and not in vague generalizations. The American people, we believe, have no stomach for another war, and it is best that a man advocating such war should be discovered before election rather than after.

Evidence against the Peace Treaty continues to pile up. Otto H. Kahn, the famous New York banker, is no fine-spun idealist, neither is he a coarse-grained nationalist. He is simply a hard-headed and conservative financier, accustomed to recognize realities, and extraordinarily successful in dealing with them as such. Willing to concede to Wilson and his associates at Versailles every good intention, Mr. Kahn is yet forced to bear testimony, after a journey of investigation through England, France and Italy, that the treaty-makers have nullified by their work the very ideals of peace and freedom which they sought to serve. He says:

"Bartering and compromising, sowing seeds of dissension among one another and of discord throughout the world, they have set up dispositions which resulted in leaving . . . the conditions of existence completely out of joint in Europe east of the Rhine. . . . Solemnly proclaiming the principle of 'self-determination,' they have granted or withheld it, according to their discretion. . . . They have mishandled the fine and universally acclaimed conception of an association of nations to maintain and strengthen international law and preserve peace. . . . Instead of peace and settlement," he concludes, "they have wrought dispeace and unsettlement."

It is a fearful indictment which Mr. Kahn speaks, but one which is wholly in line with the judgment of unbiased and trained observers the world around. Idealists and realists are here agreed that what is immoral is in the last analysis unworkable. The peace-makers failed because, consciously or unconsciously, they were untrue to the best they knew.

Little by little the American people are winning back their liberties. The latest victory is that registered in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia by the decision of Judge Hitz restoring second-class mailing privileges to the *Call*, the Socialist daily of New York City. In quashing Mr. Burleson's order of December 6, 1919, excluding this newspaper from the mails, Judge Hitz ruled that the Postmaster-General had "exceeded his authority." In the Espionage Act, even as amended, said the Judge, there was no power granted to the executive for such action. Furthermore, whatever the *Call* may have printed which sought to hinder war operations or kindle unrest, this cannot be held against it now, or constructively in the future. So the mailing privileges are restored, and one more act of lawless tyranny undone! Such a decision enlarges one's respect for the courts, reinforces one's shaken confidence in constitutional safeguards of liberty, and permits one to believe that America may at last emerge from the black darkness of the last two years with her ideals of justice and goodwill not permanently damaged. One thing is still needed to this end—the disappearance of Burleson and Palmer from public office, and a defeat this fall of the administration responsible for these men, which shall leave the Democratic party where the Federalist party was after the Alien and Sedition laws, and the Liberal party of England after the Defence of the Realm Act.

We have not referred in these columns to the articles in the *Dearborn Independent,* attacking our Jewish comrades, for the reason that we have not hitherto regarded these diatribes with any seriousness. We have felt regret that so excellent a man as Mr. Henry Ford should allow himself to be so deceived and misused, and have marvelled at this one more bit of evidence of his feeble innocency. But beyond this regret and wonderment, we have not thought about the matter at all. Now, however, there is coming to us word that the Jews are seriously disturbed by these malicious attacks, and are actually fearful of anti-Semitic outbreaks in this country. They see in these *Dearborn Independent* articles an extension of the campaign against the Jews in Europe, which in other places than merely Poland has taken the form of persecutions and pogroms. It seems at first sight impossible that such medieval barbarisms should make appearance here in America. And yet, when one thinks of the madness perpetrated during the War against alleged Germans and pro-Germans, the present hatred of all so-called "Reds," and the savagery which has become the traditional American practice toward Negroes, one is given pause. Our Jewish friends, long taught by dreadful experience, may be right after all. At any rate, they should be given the benefit of doubt, and every attack be met by emphatic rejoinder. If there be any such thing outside the New Testament as Christian brotherhood, let it now be shown toward those who have suffered injustice beyond all other humans in history, and who now, in what seems to be the universal reversion of the world to former cruelties of hate and lust, are threatened once again. UNITY is a small journal—its influence is not large. But all it is and has is at the disposal of our beloved and honored Jewish brethren in this hour of their distress.

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Universalism in America, celebrated in August last at Gloucester, Mass., is an occasion which should be noted and rejoiced over by others than the Universalists themselves. The mere mention of the names of such men as Murray, Ballou, Chapin, Eaton, Miner, Hall, indicates the debt which is owed by this country to this small but spiritually stalwart band of liberal Christians. The Universalists have been notable for a high degree of intellectual candor and courage. They have believed in education, and nobly fostered it. Their interpretation of God and his universe in terms of moral values constitutes a priceless contribution to religion. Above all, the Universalists have understood the common heart, have known how to reach the common man, and thus have ever been close in sympathy to the common people. In recent years, the Universalists have been exceptionally progressive in the acceptance of new spiritual ideals; the liberal wing has been almost as dominant with them as the conservative wing in other closely allied religious bodies. Especially have they been alert in the matter of Christian unity, and the consequent ending of the scandal of sectarian division. The Universalists, like every other denominational group, have their laggards and stand-patters and narrow bigots, but to a remarkable degree they measure up to the spiritual implications of their name, and that is saying a vast deal.

Our strenuous friend, Dr. John Roach Stratton of New York, is again on the war-path. This time he assails the dancing now in vogue among us. Much of what he says is frankly sensational in tone, but with his general argument we are in entire sympathy. Dancing today, even among our so-called "best people," is indecent. In watching a dancing party at a seacoast resort this past summer, we noticed all kinds of dances and postures which, in the settlement and community center dances in the New York slum districts, the chaperones are under strict orders to forbid as immoral. Nowhere in our social life today is there such evidence of degeneracy as on the dance floor. The music is barbaric, the dressing immodest, and the dances brutally sexual.

IMMORTALITY.

I am no brooder on death.
No calculator as to what I shall lose
Or what gain.
But this I knew once,
That day when my foot slipped
While making fast the foretopsail
And I clung in space:
My essence has impregnated the world,
Modified it, leavened it.
What you see, dies,
But the essential me
Is everlasting:
Straining through minds
To eternity.

Contemporary Verse. —*Robert J. Roe.*

A Victim of the System

No one is to blame but the President himself for the storm of questions demanding an interpretation of his phrase, "keeping the word that America has given to the rest of the world." In one of his cartoons in the *Chicago Daily Tribune,* Mr. John McCutcheon asked pertinently, "Tell me, Woodrow, just when it was that America gave its word to the rest of the world?" This same question has been on many men's lips since the outbreak of the European War; it has been on the lips of many European publicists ever since the days of McKinley and Chamberlain, the days when John Hays Hammond was connected with the "reformers" in South Africa who were responsible for the Jameson Raid. So far as can be ascertained at present there is no treaty or document of any kind in existence, sanctioned by Congress, which allied America with any European Power for the purposes of war that bears a date prior to the year 1917.

Can the President refer to his Fourteen Points? Surely not; for there was not a first-class power anywhere in the world that was in sympathy with any one of them, and the idea is not to be entertained for a single moment that the phrase refers to the Paris covenant. Every first class Power in Europe has been more or less responsible for smashing to smithereens two of the most important provisions laid down in the covenant; America herself has vitiated that contract by supporting the Polish adventure. Therefore, there can be only one interpretation of the phrase: that the President, in an unguarded moment, referred to some gentlemen's agreement, a secret understanding, which binds America officially." It could not refer to "the rest of the world," for by the President's own obstinacy we are still at war officially with Germany, and unofficially with Russia.

Perhaps the time is come when the whole of this question will be raised; and in the exchanges that pass from platform to platform during the election we may learn the truth of the matter. Whatever we may hear, it must be understood that the obligations entered into by the "wink and nod" agreement reached in secret conversations between diplomats and military and naval attaches, and private understandings between government officials and international bankers, are as valid in the official sense as if they had received the sanction of Congress or Parliament. "Continuity of foreign policy" is a corner-stone of political government. It has been shown over and over again, particularly in the case of France in relation to Morocco, that a Minister of Foreign Affairs may be months or years in office before he learns about any of the secret agreements entered into by his predecessors; and that these, when dis-

covered, not only govern his actions, but remind him that he is merely a puppet in the hands of interests beyond the control of any representative parliamentary body. This was notably the case with M. Pichon in November, 1911, on the discovery of the secret Moroccan agreements between France and Spain, with the sanction of Great Britain, for the violation of the sovereign State of Morocco and the partition of its territory. Numbers of other cases could be cited; but our readers must be sufficiently familiar with such by this time.

With these in mind, we may proceed to some of the extraordinary incidents of Mr. Wilson's stewardship. Looking back to the dark days of July, 1914, we remember a popular phrase among publicists in Europe: "America will never permit a European conflagration!" It seems strange at this time to think of what she did permit. Every canon of the faith of neutrality as neutrality was understood a generation ago, was broken without let or hindrance in the interest of the Allies. Neutrals soon realized where America stood. Whether her action was sentimentally justifiable, or racially and linguistically convenient, is wholly a matter for sentimentalists to bother about. Neither official America nor the sentimentalists were in a position at the outbreak of the war to decide the merits of the quarrel. So it is the real facts of the situation we must keep in mind if we are to get at the bottom of the business of secret diplomacy.

Why did America fall in so easily with the official British attitude and permit her ships to be searched, her subjects molested, her mails opened, her legitimate cargoes detained, when she was a neutral—at least so far as the commonfolk of the world understood the term? The only answer is that which was general in Europe after the War had been in progress a year or so: a secret agreement, a gentlemen's understanding between Great Britain and the United States. And those "in the know" in this country were convinced of the existence of such an agreement. The indiscreet speech made by Admiral Sims in London, some years before the war began, gave shrewd observers of foreign affairs an inkling of the real situation. Professor Roland G. Usher further prepared them for the action the United States government took, in his work "Pan-Germanism" (published February, 1913, by Houghton Mifflin Company) when he said:

> "Once the magnitude of Pan-Germanism dawned on the English and French diplomats, once they became aware of the lengths to which Germany was willing to go, they realized the necessity of strengthening their position, and therefore made overtures to the United States which resulted, probably before the summer of the year 1897, in an understanding between the three countries. There seems to be no doubt whatever that no papers of any sort were signed, and that no pledges were given which circumstances would not justify anyone of the contracting parties in denying or possibly repudiating. Nevertheless, an understanding was reached that in case of a war begun by Germany or Austria for the purpose of executing Pan-Germanism, the United States would promptly declare in favor of England and France and would do her utmost to assist them. The mere fact that no open acknowledgment of this agreement was then made need not lessen its importance and significance. The alliance, for it was nothing less, was based upon infinitely firmer ground than written words and sheets of parchment, than the promises of individuals at that moment in office in any one of the three countries; it found its efficient cause as well as the efficient reason for its continuance in the situation, geographical, economic and political, of the contracting nations which made such an agreement mutually advantageous to them all. So long as this situation remains unchanged, there is little likelihood that the agreement will be altered, and there is no possibility whatever of its entire rejection by one of the three parties, least of all by the United States."

If Professor Usher refers to the gentlemen's agreement made in the days when McKinley was President and Chamberlain was Britain's colonial secretary, the days of the great beginnings of the last phase of imperialistic adventures, then there is only one flaw in his statement, and that is his reference to French diplomats who at that time were not in full agreement with the British. They came in later, with the advent of the Moroccan policy of M. Delcasse. Evidently Professor Usher was "in the know" and some day he may tell us more about this gentlemen's agreement; perhaps tell us where he got his information. He may know what part John Hay took in the business of bringing about this secret understanding between Great Britain and the United States. The public's memory is so short that during the war no one remembered the sensation that was created in this country when it was known that McKinley and Hay were ready to make a proposal to Congress of an alliance with England. The information leaked out and there was a widespread storm of indignation. Then the matter was dropped. But what cannot be done openly and with the sanction of Congress or Parliament can be done secretly and without the knowledge of the representatives of the people. Representative government no longer exists; and let no one fool himself with the belief that either in a democracy or an autocracy the people count at all, save when the recurrent farce of voting takes place, whereby is selected one or

other of the parties both bound to a continuity of foreign policy.

To those who so strenuously and loyally assert that the President has been the victim of the system, and that he had no knowledge of any secret agreements until the spring of 1917, one may say that such a thing is indeed quite possible. What happened to Pichon in Paris could happen to Wilson in Washington. What happened to the British Cabinet on Sunday, August 2, 1914, could happen to any administration in the United States during the war, and so late in the war as February, 1917. It must be obvious to anyone with knowledge of European affairs, that the President learned something from the British and French missions which lost no time in reaching our shores; the official missions which came publicly "to tell us of the blunders they had made in the conduct of the war and how we should avoid repeating them." Of course these missions neglected to tell Mr. Wilson anything about the secret treaties they had separately and collectively entered into for the division of the spoils, but does anyone imagine that Mr. Balfour and M. Viviani neglected to tell Mr. Wilson of the secret agreement referred to by Professor Usher? No doubt M. Viviani reminded Mr. Wilson also of the famous Franco-American Committee founded in 1907 by Gabriel Hanotaux, who said in his inaugural address to the members of the Committee, "En cas de conflit européen, l'Amérique doit combattre à nos côtes." Certainly; and so it all worked out.

And now Mr. Wilson is the target of the one hundred and one questions shot at him from all and sundry. The great organs of opinion want to know what the promise was, when it was given, and by whose authority the contract was entered into. His position is pitiable. He is, as so many of his loyal adherents insist, a victim of the system. Well might he say, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit. That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered." But Mr. Wilson's medicine may also be the people's purge, for they too are victims of the system. The interests which rule the world, the international anarchs of coal, ore, grain, oil and finance, who are responsible for overthrowing the old civilization of Europe, are still to be reckoned with. Mr. Wilson's phrase which has caused so much discussion seems to us to mean that the real makers of secret understandings are determined to have their full pound of flesh, cost the people what it may.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

"The Filipinos are capable of self-government," is the opinion of Hon. John Burke, Treasurer of the United States. Mr. Burke is the first member of the Congressional party visiting the Orient to reach Washington.—*From Philippine Press Bureau.*

CONTRIBUTED

"The Odor of Sanctity!"

Spiritual well-being, no less than physical health, depends on proper drainage. But sometimes the cause of spiritual as of physical ill-health lies deeper than the drains. Often the recollection of some old story about the place leads to the discovery of the real cause of the trouble.

"You see our old church is in a perfectly rotten state of decay. . . . Such a nice old church too, . . . Some say the foundation is all wrong: some don't like the stained glass windows; . . . Uncle won't hear of it; but I can't help thinking old Bletchley is right . . . he's a dreadfully wicked man. He's the quack doctor in the village; he's an atheist! . . . He says it's the drain. . . . You know in spite of what uncle says, there is a smell: I had it in my nose all last Sunday morning. Up in the choir it's bad enough, and round the pulpit—Ugh! I can't think how uncle stands it! That's why people won't come to church. . . . The odd thing is it must be the same drain that's causing the trouble in uncle's study. There it is out there . . . it's where he writes his sermons!" Little Mary, the vicar's niece thus details the situation in their church to Manson, the new butler, in Charles Rand Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House."

Here is an insight which, brought to the problem of the present state of Organized Christianity, promises to yield the best answer to the most insistent question of the last decade,—"What is the matter with the Church?" True to the genius of our humanity Kennedy has the child's father, the outcast brother of the vicar, make the discovery of the real source of the trouble.

There is a definite "smell" in the Church today! But it is not a new odor. Men have long taken it for the "odor of sanctity." This mistake happily has been discovered. However, opinion as to the source of the odor is divided. There are those who regard it as arising from the ferment of "the modern spirit." Others are just as certain, in fact well convinced, that it is purely a matter of drainage.

The odor and its effects are definite. It has caused the evacuation of many chapels. Their doors have closed never to open again for "divine worship." Others are fast emptying: the odor is becoming so strong as to be to many people simply intolerable. Spiritual health—mental and moral integrity—can be maintained only in the fresh air of God's free world. Men refuse to jeopardize this by remaining for any considerable time within what they have come to regard the precincts of spiritual death.

The evidence is on every hand. Reports of decreasing church membership parallel those of decreasing church attendance and failing interest on the part of those the Church regards as "in no man's land." Quite recently we have been told that the churches of New York City must have at least one hundred thousand additions to their membership during the next twelve months if they are to keep up with the growth in population. Over six million fewer children are attending Sunday School than four years ago. Twenty per cent of our men in the ministry before the war are now in other lines of work. Two of the larger denominations report an aggregate of five thousand five hundred pastorless churches. Reports like these are indicative of a situation now chronic and which grows worse from year to year.

We have lately witnessed the failure of a gigantic attempt to raise a billion dollars for the use of some

thirty denominations. Did these discover the trouble with the drainage system? Rather did they seek to endow the "fine old church"—smell and all. Those who had any idea that the drains might well be cleaned and enlarged were rigidly excluded. The purpose was to finance an attempt to anesthetize those within the "courts of the Most High," and by an "offering of a sweet smell" lure others into the sanctum that their souls might be saved.

Sermons, books, newspaper and magazine articles in large numbers deal with the situation faced by organized religion. The burden of their prophecy is "we must reconstruct the church." This is no new message. A long line of prophets have delivered the same judgment. The Precursers of the Reformation, the Reformers and their legitimate heirs, and others, have echoed this doctrine. Lowell writing to Longfellow in 1845 declared, "Christ has declared war against the Christianity of the world, and it must down. There is no help for it. The church, that great bulwark of our practical paganism, must be reformed from foundation to weathercock."

Is the reconstruction of the church the paramount duty of the men of our day? Could the smell ever fully be eliminated by reconstruction? Any reconstruction that were undertaken could not be permitted to alter her form nor add to nor reduce her bulk. That would require a new foundation. Does the foundation really need anything more than to have the chinks and cracks filled (with present day cement, of course) and to be repainted?

One who was with our men in arms, if interested in this question, could not but observe the very general attitude taken by the men in regard to organized Christianity. Some were interested in the man who represented it in camp or hospital; others were interested to see how far he had advanced toward their position; a few were still loyal churchmen. My hospital experience, like that of many others, brought startling revelations. Men came to us from participation in battles where the three great Realities had been swallowed up in one—the fact that they were alive. Out of the jaws of death, through a baptism of blood redolent with the odor of that consecrated service that had made them Christs, they came back.

One came to know which men thought in terms of "personal salvation through faith," and which had realized with St. Augustine that men are to be "not so much Christians as Christs!" That these men did not need to be gassed (with the odor from any drains) but that they needed the breath of life, became perfectly apparent. Had they not passed through that profound consecration—a greater than which not even Jesus Christ knew—the consecration of love? Had they not known the deepest experience, the willingness to lay down their lives for their friends? Their willingness had taken on a higher meaning for they realized that it was not for friends only but for persons unknown, and for enemies of the common good—the men who made capital of the world's woe—and for generations yet unborn. What was the mere assurance of salvation through faith in view of that love which was sufficient evidence that they were "begotten of God—for God is love." Emerson saw clearly what the institution has always missed, "Base action makes you base; holy action hallows you," apart from any gift of grace, dogmatic pronouncement, or creedal confession.

The fundamental need of men is something very different from that which the Church has thought that need to be. Considering men, penetrating as far as possible their inner hearts, measuring their deepest need, one realizes why the churches are emptying in the face of increasing population; why Christian thought does not appeal to them; why their children are not sent to Sunday School; why they feel that organized religion has no real contribution to make to their lives. Her gaze rests upon the "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere": they need beauty and peace and an island-rest here. Her purpose is to convict them of sin and the need of salvation; they have no sense of sin that needs that kind of salvation. Her desire is to lead them to a Saviour: they have become saviours and are seeking a salvation for themselves and their fellows that is a present reality manifest in their bodies, their homes, their tasks. They have no desire to escape the reasonable penalties of their sins. They do seek release from as much pain, loss, anxiety, ill-will, unhappiness and care as is possible under the present limitations of our life. They need above all else a salvation that is demonstrable here and now.

This great need will be met by whatever best enables man to rise to the consciousness of his divine being,—his approximation to God,—and sustains him in the realization of that experience as a present reality not a future contingency. All of life and experience challenges man to this achievement. The universal order contains the foundation upon which he may rear his spiritual abiding place. He needs the key to the secret of the eternal doing of the divine. "No religion," said Canon Scott Holland, "that has adopted arrest as its note can do anything for man in movement. Only a religion which can hallow and justify motion can be of any use to him." And the motion of the human spirit in its progress toward fullest realization of its capacities for divine life, is not the least "for man in movement." Emerson penetrates to the heart of the matter: "It is a low benefit to give me something; it is a high benefit to enable me to do something for myself." Has the church filled men's nostrils with that breath of life which makes them adventurers of the open sea? Rather has her teaching tended to keep men passive and tractible.

Organized religion, because of its very nature, is incapable of sending man on a victorious way. The Church cannot reveal this needed principle of life because it is her one great lack. Her own spiritual life as revealed in these days of the Inter-Church fiasco is sufficient evidence of her weakness. When has she, in root or branch, been willing to lay down her life either for her enemies or for the common good? When has she demonstrated that she lives for men in all their varied needs? Patiently and expectantly men have frequented Chapels, Churches and Cathedrals,—all Sancta of THE CHURCH,—but instead of the breath of life, their nostrils have been filled with the odor of the drains. Even the words from the pulpit that might have been "spirit and life" reek of mold and mildew.

The indictments brought against the Church deal with symptoms not with the real cause. The odor in choir, chancel and aisle is very peculiar. Hardly could the drains emit an odor so suggestive of age

and decay. But consider for a moment certain indictments brought against her.

The Church has been governed by a principle of policy not of sincerity. She has been afraid of her "place and nation" as were the priests in Jesus' day. She has been content to bear passive witness to man's need of salvation, but has never laid hold on salvation for herself, nor given herself in active dedication to the ministry of redemption. Either she has had a mistaken idea of salvation or else she has been governed by a principle of policy. Her "Lord" and "Master" refused to institutionalize his "Way of Life." His experience with Judaism indicated how impossible it is to rear an institution in which there will not ultimately be trouble arising from the drains. The pulpit stands above the drain; but does this fully explain the smell?

The Church is undemocratic. She has accepted and justified institutions of tyranny against which she ought to have striven even unto death. She has condoned slavery, political absolutism and social inequality. Increasing human sympathy has forced her to abandon many positions, to rescind many laws and to reform many abuses. Sympathy and appreciation born of knowledge are responsible for a great many changes for which she claims credit. Practically every great humanitarian and reform movement has been instigated by some man or woman of sympathetic soul whom Orthodoxy has execrated as a heretic. The Church has only tardily followed each advance upon the enemies of man. Her local organizations are almost wholly devoid of any sense of spiritual democracy. She has consecrated ignorance and superstition that are both pitiful and revolting. Becoming rich, musk was mixed with the plaster of her walls to mitigate the odor from the drains. Beneath the richly carved pews,—symbols of democracy and the equality of all men before God,—but prostituted to the preferences of aristocracy,—runs the drain that connects pulpit and study. But does this odor really account for the undemocratic atmosphere in the church?

Again the Church is charged with teaching a negative ethics. The burden of her instruction has been "Thou shalt not." Spiritual life has been made an endeavor to shun sin which has made positive righteousness all but impossible. Power comes through labor; love through service. To her is due the distinction between the "sacred" and the "secular" the effect of which has been altogether vicious. Yet every great word of her "Master" is a positive word and presumes action! He proposed a righteousness that cared not for requirement but overleaped the bare necessities of the situation and outran duty. Judgment, in his mind, is based not so much on sins of commission as on sins of omission. But one quite readily understands this failure of the Church when he recalls that a branch of the drain runs under the lectionary.

The Church is at fault in its denominationalism. One can hardly expect the same amount of light to pour through all windows. The beauty of the edifice depends in part at least upon the variety of design and color of the windows. But the designs are all conventional regardless of their variety. They may portray prophet or apostle or saint, but one central idea is present. The odor of the drain presses with equal force in the atmosphere against these works of art, as against pulpit, lectionary and pew. The variety of the windows is but typical of division. The Church divides men who are otherwise of single purpose and intent. The new hopes and visions, giving wonderful color, marvelous pattern, to the future are unobserved through the stained glass of the windows. Does the odor from the drain intoxicate the various groups of worshippers on whom the light from the several windows falls, with the idea that their light is the only full and final revelation?

Men are not prepared for the Christian ministry. One or two seminaries seek to Christianize their instruction. But men are ever prepared for the ministry of certain definite denominations. How absurd the whole denominational scheme appears when we realize that there are no Baptist Beatitudes, no Christian Science Sermon on the Mount, no Disciple Decalogue, no Methodist Miracles, no Presbyterian Parables, no Brethren Bible! "I cannot stay in the Seminary," said a young man who had returned to the seminary after service with the Canadian forces. "It isn't that my faith has changed. But I have been facing reality and the students in that seminary are busy with the shadows of the past." Are they chasing the vapors from the drain? The odor seems to dominate the atmosphere of the whole institution.

What training could our young men receive if they could but escape from church-erected and endowed "Halls" into the natural heights. There the breezes of God, fresh and clear and invigorating would blow upon them. Just consider the tragedy which attends the conversion of healthy-minded young men into "priests of the Church" and "ministers of the Gospel!" They are put through the process of discovering and assimilating "the faith once delivered to the saints." They trace the outline of the "pattern revealed in the mount." They are indoctrinated with the "Christ of the Creeds." They are prejudiced against the realities of human life and the naturalness of human souls. They know a great deal about "sums of theology" and "schemes of salvation," but they do not know either life or men. "For much of the Agnosticism of the age, the Gnosticism of theologians is undeniably responsible."

Here we pause to ask where these "sums" and "systems" are found. They have been carefully preserved in the archives. And where are they? Beneath the church: they are part of the foundation. A vault is there where is stored "the body of doctrine." The young men are initiated into the secret and mystery of this "cave of the odor." Was not preaching well described by Emerson as "a vast carcass of tradition . . . exhibited every year with as much solemnity as a new revelation"?

The Drain-man in Kennedy's play followed the drain. It was filled with muck a-plenty. And it led to an old vault beneath the church. He knew it was beneath the church because he could hear the organ rumbling "The Church's One Foundation." There he found coffins and shrouds and all the sights and odors that belong to a charnel-house. Here was the source of the odor in the church; it backed up the drain for want of other exit. The smell of death, the effluvium of the grave, the evidence of decay,—these are breath in the Church today! No place is there for the free breezes of Heaven as they come anew each day, laden with the Spirit of God. No room is there for the hourly entering Spirit of Truth

in loyalty to which is understanding and the way into abundant life. How did this vault and its contents come to be? Men gathered in past ages, fed their souls and thought to preserve for following generations the food on which they fed. Fine and generous as this appears to be, it really is not for it deprives men of the joy of discovery. No age can feed the next. Men of one generation may indicate the most fruitful fields but the next must sow and reap. Indeed we might like to share their goods but

> . . . the measure of our needs
> Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds;
> The manna gathered yesterday
> Already savors of decay.

Is the reconstruction of the "fine old church" the paramount duty of men in our day? If she has fallen into a state of disrepair may it not be well to leave her to become an ancient landmark to be slowly worn down by the ravages of time, her vine-covered walls and spire, her worn seats and trodden aisle, her clogged drains and crumbling foundation, witness to the care with which she was constructed, and the service she sought to render to the multitudes of men who in a great throng once poured through her doorway but now pour in no more. How pitiful that in her attempt to preserve the food that once fed men she has so corrupted her constitution that "there is no health in her."

May it not be the best for the men of our generation to move forward on the wings of the morning to greet the religion that is to be? Were it not better for them to welcome with open minds, untainted by contact with her past, the steady stream of Truth coming daily and hourly fresh from the heart of God? Shall we not go on to that worship, heralded from afar by Jeremiah and Jesus and John of Patmos,—which needs no temple, no ritual, no ark nor altar? The fullest glory of the Church is pitiful when contrasted with her opportunity to meet the fullest needs of men. No one who has loved the Church,—builded her chapels, unveiled her stained glass windows, erected her altars, learned of her,—would be content to deny that she has had a glory. Neither would he be content to stand facing the last lingering rays of her setting sun and to think that these mean anything but that her day is done. Very slowly will the light fade out. As man passes so passes his institutions for these are but "the lengthened shadow of a man."

The glory of her stained glass windows

> . . . richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light

is but a transient glory. We must hasten on to the erection of that spiritual building whose eternity is its harmony. Though the Church's charnel-house were cleaned the odor of death has so penetrated the rock and mortar of foundation and wall that it cannot be abated. When the spirit has departed,—the spirit of love that is willing to yield all, power, place and prestige in service,—no artificial fires though swung up the empty aisle of the dim nave in golden censers, can lighten the windows nor restore their former glory. Nor can the fragrance of the burning incense crowding the vaulted ceiling do more than change for a fleeting moment the odor of the building. E'er it has reached its height, lingering for a moment like the Spirit of God loathe to take its flight, the noisome smell from the vault beneath the floor crowds upward filling the very atmosphere which the incense has sweetened only a brief moment before. The past is an index: it is never a standard!

ORVILLE B. SWIFT.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

My Experiences With the Department of Justice

[Editorial Note: This detailed story of personal experience was requested by us for readers of UNITY, after we had learned of it in outline from a personal letter. The author is our friend, known to us as a sincere, highminded and absolutely reliable man. The incident is one, we suppose, of many thousands which have disgraced the government and betrayed the ideals of America in recent years.]

When the editor of UNITY asked me to write of my experiences with the Department of Justice I was somewhat reluctant, at first, to answer in the affirmative for I realized that the purpose of such an article might be easily misunderstood. After weighing the matter further, however, I concluded that the former consideration did not have very much weight when compared with the consideration that it was my duty to add my evidence to that already collected, because of the alarming need for more light on this subject. I wish to make it plain, therefore, that my purpose in writing this is purely an ethical one, that this is written in no spirit of retaliation, but rather with the hope that it will add to the volume of evidence already collected proving convincingly that the Department of Justice is fundamentally un-American in its procedure,—to state the case mildly, as well as briefly. Whether or not the Department had any legal or moral right to conduct itself as it did, I leave to the judgment of the reader after he has finished this article.

I swear that the following facts are, to the best of my knowledge, "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

I am a young man just twenty-one and radical, for the most part, in my religious, economic and political thought. More or less interruptedly I read, besides numerous conservative magazines, books and papers, a wide variety and comparatively large number of the liberal and more radical magazines among which are *The Nation, The New Republic, The World Tomorrow, The Citizen* (a Socialist newspaper), and others too numerous to mention. I trust the reader will be patient while I enumerate a few of the books I happened to be reading at the time of this experience: Prof. Harry F. Ward's "The New Social Order," some of Rauschenbusch's works, Isaac McBride's "Barbarous Soviet Russia," Upton Sinclair's "The Brass Check" and "The Profits of Religion," as well as others of a sociological nature of which the above may be said to be representative. But why do I go into such detail? For the reason that on or about Wednesday June 23rd, 1920, I was called into the office of the district manager (to whom I was assistant)) of a large public service corporation operating in New York State and having a district office in one of the large cities in the upper part of the state, and informed that I had put myself "in a very compromising position," as two agents of the Department of Justice had called on him the day before and told him that I was a radical, receiving in my mail, and reading, radical literature "poisonous to the mind" as they termed it. I did not deny the charge; on the other hand I frankly admitted it and gave the manager

as complete a list as possible of the liberal and radical magazines, books and newspapers that I read. What is still more significant is the fact that the manager told me that it was only after a very heated discussion lasting some two hours that he was able to dissuade the agents from raiding both the room where I was staying and also my desk in the office, solely because they considered that what I was reading was "poisonous to the mind"! The agents then showed the manager copies of a number of radical magazines which they said were representative of what I was reading; *The Liberator* was the only one that the manager remembered when questioned by me on that subject. It so happens that *The Liberator* is one of the magazines which I do *not* read, as I do not subscribe to all those mentioned, and so am obliged to depend largely upon the public library which does not subscribe to *The Liberator*. If I were a reader of that magazine I should make no apologies, anyway. At any rate, that was misrepresentation or falsification number one, whichever word the reader may choose. They showed the manager a list of names of men who, only the very night before, had joined the I. W. W. in that city. They said, "——'s name (referring to me) will be on the list soon!" The fact of the matter was that I not only have never had any intention of joining this organization, but I never, before that time, was aware that such an organization existed in that city. This was misrepresentation number two! They admitted to the manager that my record was "clean." I suppose they meant by that, that I had never caused any disturbance by radical speeches or writings, that I had enlisted in the military service (for I was not a pacifist at that time), and had otherwise been a cooperating unit of the mass mind.

I have been trying for some time to puzzle out how it was that the department first got "on my trail." I am not sure that I have found the correct answer to the puzzle, but it is interesting to note, in passing, that on Tuesday evening, June 15th, Mr. Isaac McBride gave a lecture on "What I Saw in Soviet Russia." I attended the lecture, took notes, and reported it for a Socialist newspaper published in that city. While writing the article it occurred to me how much more effective it would be if I could only get some of the information to the general public, most of whom do not read a Socialist paper. With that thought in mind I called on the telephone the city editor of the morning paper having, I believe, the largest circulation of any in the city, and asked him if he would care to look over the article I had written on the subject of Mr. McBride's lecture. He advised that he would like to do so, and so I went to his office immediately with a copy, handed the papers to the city editor, adding that I thought it was probably a bit too radical for "The ———" to publish. He asked me who I was, how long I had been in town (it so happened that I had been there about a month) and for whom I was working. I told him gladly, it never entering my mind that, in reality, it was none of his concern, to say nothing about thinking that he might give the information to some one else. I have no evidence to prove that this editor gave the information to anyone else; I merely state that the circumstances look to me as if personal information has been divulged either directly or indirectly to agents of the Department of Justice. After getting the information he seemed to require before even considering my article, he read the manuscript adding, "Why yes, we'll print this. It will be necessary, though, to change this statement to read, 'Mr. McBride said that—' instead of 'He proved that—'." I told him that I had no objection to that technicality, on which he was perfectly justified in taking a stand. I did insist, however, that if he were to use the article at all, it must be published as written, with the exception agreed to. (Although my stand may seem somewhat dogmatic, anyone who has had any experience with newspaper editors on the whole will realize that such a stand is, under certain circumstances, perfectly justifiable.) The editor agreed to print the article as written and gave me his "word of honor" that the article would appear as written. I departed thinking that I would be able to get to a small part of the general public a few of the considerations on the side not generally supported, which if they did nothing more, would help others to a clearer understanding of the Russian situation as it was at that time. In short, I had some news and I wanted to get it in print. But alas, the next morning I discovered that the article was not published as written, but that only about half was in print, the more important and vital paragraphs and sentences having been left out! When asked over the telephone why he did not keep his promise, the editor informed me that they did not have space for it all while any casual glance at that issue will reveal that a considerable amount of space was devoted to what is commonly known to newspaper men as "filler." Can it be that the business manager and not the city editor decides what is news and what is not? If this editor displays an "honor" of this type, is it reasonable to assume that a higher sense of "honor" is in play when other news is being selected? Can it be that personal information given to him was divulged to operatives of the Department of Justice? Was I a Bolshevik because I had written an article on Russia? Let us turn now to the interview with the manager the day following that on which the agents of the department called on him.

During our informal discussion I was asked my position in regard to Russia; I gladly told him without the slightest mental reservation. I briefly stated that I thought there was much in the Soviet regime that was ideal, admirable and worth while. I added, lest he might misunderstand, that I did not believe in force under any circumstances, as a means of settling any dispute, much less as a means by which to win anyone to a particular way of thinking. The manager admitted that he was ignorant of most of the issues involved, adding that he thought I was making a great mistake as a young man in being interested in such things. He stated that he did not know what the outcome of my case would be, but made it clear that it would be necessary for him to take the matter up with his superior at division headquarters and that he would give me a report within a few days. On Friday of that week (June 25th) he advised me that I should report at the division office the following Monday, which I did. A few days later the Division Superintendent asked me to resign, but later agreed to retain my services until college opens in the fall, as it had been my intention for some time to return to college.

Thus did the operatives of the Department of Justice (whom I have never seen to recognize) cause me to lose my position as well as my right as an American

citizen to those civil liberties usually allowed people living in this country. It is safe to say that in the city the industries of which "light and haul the world," there exists a system of espionage similar to that which came to light during the recent steel strike, except that conditions are not as bad as they are in the steel industry. Affairs have not been as turbulent and hence "the system" has not come to light; but it exists, nevertheless! I was not the first one to be "run out of town"; my name probably did not head the black lists, by any means. Just where the interests of the Department of Justice and those of big business coincide is hard to state. It is not my purpose to discuss that here. I have only suggested certain lines of thought and leave it to the reader to straighten out the maze if he can.

What has been the effect upon me? Has the department been successful in intimidating me? Have I budged one iota from the principles to which I hold? Let us see: among other things my experience was one of the determining factors which brought me to the realization that I ought to return to college to get more light particularly on those social and related subjects in which I am interested, that I might return to the society of which I am a part better equipped, more nobly inspired, to help carry the lighted torch of freedom, justice and social progress along those trails which are now being blazed and which will eventually be stamped into a broad highway in the onward progress of humankind. Nothing, not even the outrageous conduct of the Department of Justice, can swerve me from that course! And finally, I ask, has the espionage system ever been successful in anything other than its own defeat?

India's High Goal

We have nowhere seen a finer statement of the high goal which India's best minds cherish for their country and are striving to realize than the closing paragraph of the Presidential Address of the Honorable Motilal Nehru, President of the Indian National Congress at Amritsar, in December last. We have been told times out of number by persons prejudiced against Asiatic nations, and by Englishmen interested in keeping India in subjection to Great Britain, that the Indian people have low ideals compared with those of Englishmen, that their leaders are intellectually and morally inferior to their English rulers, that they do not know what they need and want, as do the foreign men who govern them, that they do not possess the wisdom to direct their own life as well as Englishmen can direct it, that they have no independence and no manhood, that their ambition, if they have any, is to be weak imitators of their foreign masters, and that, if left to themselves, they would retrograde and gravitate downwards. Let persons obsessed with these ideas read President Nehru's address. Says that eminent Indian leader:

> What is India's goal? We want freedom of thought, freedom of action, freedom to fashion our own destiny and build up an India suited to the genius of her people. We do not wish to make of India a cheap and slavish imitation of the West. Western democracy has not proved a panacea for all ills; it has not solved the problems which surround us. Europe is torn asunder by the conflict between labor and capital, and the proletariat is raising its head against the rule of the classes. It may be that when we get the power to mold our institutions we shall evolve a system of government which will blend what is best in the East and the West. Meanwhile, let us beware of the errors of the West and at the same time cast out the evil customs and traditions which have clung to us. We must aim at an India where all are free and have the fullest opportunities of development; where women have ceased to be in bondage, and the rigors of the caste system have disappeared; where there are no privileged classes or communities; where education is free and open to all; where the capitalist and the landlord do not oppress the laborer and the ryot; where labor is respected and well paid, and poverty, the nightmare of the present generation, is a thing of the past. Life will then be worth living in this country, it will be inspired by joy and hope, and the terrible misery we see around us will become a bad dream which has faded away from our memory, on our awakening to welcome the morning sun.
>
> That day is yet distant. We have still a difficult path full of obstacles and pitfalls before us. Let us march ahead with truth for our guide and courage for our watchword and we shall reach the promised land.

We challenge anyone to paint a nobler goal than this. And the goal here set forth for India is not that of President Nehru alone, it is essentially that of the Indian National Congress, the most representative organization of the nation; it is essentially the goal of all the men whom India most trusts as her leaders.

Such an India as here portrayed, of independence, of enlightenment, of education for all, of freedom to shape her own destiny and to develop according to her genius, would contrast with the enslaved, exploited, illiterate, impoverished India which the world sees today as the result of 160 years of foreign dominance and oppression, as day contrasts with night. To be sure, such a goal cannot be reached in a day under any rule. Indians well understand that. But while India is a slave nation the goal can never be reached at all. The only road by which her goal can be reached is the road of freedom. Far off—yes! But in sight. The essential thing is freedom. That attained, the high hopes that burn in the breasts of thousands of Indians will be capable of realization.

J. T. Sunderland,
President of the India Home Rule League of America, and Editor of Young India.

The Nobel Prize

The latest Nobel prize for literature has been awarded to the Spanish playwright, Jacinto Benavente. Thus is it once more demonstrated that in this world the least worthy win the richest rewards. Thus is it again made plain that institutions like that established by Alfred Nobel are almost valueless as useful social forces. With all due and proper respect to Benavente, who is much to be preferred to his countryman, the absurd author of "The Four Horsemen" and "Mare Nostrum," this award is most unsatisfactory. There are a dozen men in the United States who are writing as well as Benavente. There are two score at least in Great Britain, a dozen in France, a few in Germany, and—an army in Russia! Thomas Hardy should have been honored, or Anatole France, or Henri Barbusse, or Georges Duhamel, or Arthur Schnitzler, or Edward Carpenter. But Benavente, never; not until he has written something finer than these last named have written. But the whole record of the Nobel judges is bad. In the field of letters they have distributed prizes to sixteen authors. Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Tagore and Rolland deserved recognition. In a lesser degree, Eucken, Echegaray and Mommsen. The others must have been possessed

of powerful influence with the Nobel trustees. Which is an unkind thing to say, but none the less just. Perhaps it would have been better for Nobel's fortune to have gone solely to medicine—the whole sum, let us say, for experimentation with cancer and tuberculosis. No reward for letters is better than the reward thus far given. J. W. F.

SELECTED

Does the Coat Fit You?

Insincerity is the greatest of mental defects, because it is a denial of the only thing valuable in the individual, his original contribution to thought and life.

It takes courage to believe one's own soul. The courage which enables one to face a lion or tiger in the jungle is small compared with the courage which enables one to face a hostile world; and because this is so, most people are silent and seem to acquiesce long after they have ceased to really believe.

Many people are really sincere in thinking they believe what they do not believe. They believe in the doctrine of total depravity, or they think they do, till some one calls them bad names, when they at once realize that they have a very fair opinion of themselves. They sing, "We are vile worms of the dust," but if anyone calls them angels of goodness they seldom dispute the fact. They believe in the everlasting punishment of the wicked, or they think they do, until a sinful relative or close friend dies unrepentant, when they at once make an exception. They sing "O Paradise, O Paradise, who doth not long for rest," but at the very first pain in the back they send for a doctor and a trained nurse.

There is another place where there is an immense amount of pretense, and that is in what we all do, or say we do, for the sake of other people.

How many people there are who do not smoke or drink, or go to the theater, or play cards, for the sake of other people! As a matter of fact, very few people do anything for any reason except because they wish to do so.

The weaker brother for whom so many people think they are living is a myth. Most people have about all they can do to live for themselves.

I do not see how anyone can reason that what is hurtful to others will not harm himself, or what it is wrong for others to do he may do in innocence. The fact is, no one does reason that way, and with one exception the belief that we are living for others is conscious or unconscious self-deception.

That one exception is in the capacity of parents to live for their children. Some fathers who do not hesitate to make fools of themselves do learn to be wise for the sake of the boy, and some frivolous mothers become thoughtful and sensible for the sake of the girl. But these instances even are exceptional. Few people will do, even for the children, what they will not do for themselves.

There is a School of Thought, or a school which claims to be a School of Thought, which says if you only talk happiness, you will be happy; if you talk success, you will be successful; if you talk health you will be healthy.

Everything, we are told, is illusion but the mind. The rough necessities of the world and our circumstances and condition in it, we are gravely informed, are nothing if we only make up our minds that they are nothing.

Some one has written a book on the Japanese Smile. He says a Japanese woman with an aching and swollen tooth can smile as sweetly as if her mouth contained, instead of a painful tooth, a piece of French confectionery.

A well known preacher, recently dead, once said, "The more deadly your wound, conceal it the more carefully with every honorable pretense."

But suppose the thing that is hurting us is also hurting others. In that case, may it not be wrong to conceal it? Thank God, there are some people who still yell when they get hurt, swear when they get mad, get mad when they are provoked, refuse to see the king's robe when he is naked, and give us reason to believe there are some honest souls whose words and faces do not belie their real thoughts and feelings.

In one of her choicest little poems Emily Dickinson says, "I like a look of agony, because I know it's true." A look of agony is certainly worth more to the world than a Japanese smile.

When symptoms are not to be depended upon a diagnosis is valueless. There is nothing that helps like honesty. Even the unintelligent grumblers who know nothing except just enough to grumble, are worth something. Like the cry of a child, they tell us that something is wrong, but those optimistic idiots who have trained themselves to grin while sitting on a red hot stove are a danger to us all. They do not even warn us that the stove is hot.

A world which refuses to see the evils which are everywhere about will make no progress.

It is a wise motto which says: "Keep the facts before the people till the people change the facts."

Most of us are not living; we are only pretending to live. We pretend to believe. We pretend to know. We pretend in the reasons we give for doing and not doing. We pretend in our doubts and fears.

The Christian who fears rationalism is a believer in rationalism. The business man who is afraid of socialism is a believer in socialism. When men were afraid of ghosts they believed in ghosts.

It is impossible to be afraid of what never was, nor is, nor will be. When you see a man fighting socialism, there you have the best possible evidence that he fears that socialism will some day be realized. The sturdy opponent is the real believer.

We pretend to love the balanced mind; we sing praises of the Middle Way. Yet what sane mind ever yet believed both sides of a contradiction?

Says Mr. Garrod: "I see the folks of my little world the victims, all of them, of two diseases: the disease of having no opinions, or the disease of not expressing them."

Today, as always, the world's great need is the soul that dares to be itself.

> One ruddy drop of manly blood,
> The surging sea outweighs.

The honest man is always an influential man. He is always a useful man. He is, above all, an interesting man.

Let us be honest!

The Universalist Leader. —*L. M. Powers.*

News From Europe

From The Manchester Guardian.

Improvements in Blast Furnaces:

The experiment of the Ebbw Vale Steel Company in erecting at an approximate expenditure of a million pounds a blast furnace, said to be the largest in the world, is being watched with close interest by British metallurgists. An output of 3,000 tons per week—the most that is claimed for the new furnace—is not by any means a record. In America, by modifying the character of the hearth, outputs of even 3,500 tons per week have been attained. But British practice has favored furnaces of much smaller capacity. Messrs. Dorman, Long & Co., Ltd., have just completed at their new Warrenby works a new blast furnace estimated to produce 1,200 tons per week, and they are so satisfied with it that they are erecting a second of similar design.

In his recent address to the Iron and Steel Institute, Dr. J. E. Stead, the president, quoted the case of a firm in the North of England who arranged with American engineers to build two furnaces of the best type. The outputs attained exceeded 2,000 tons per week on Spanish ores, and 1,800 tons per week when smelting calcined Cleveland ironstone, but the cost of production worked out quite as high as when making pig-iron in the best type of English furnace.

In an interview Dr. Stead said that of course since the experiment he quoted there had been developments. Mr. J. C. Harvey, he added, had recently demonstrated the saving obtained by the use of pulverized coal, with special reference to its application in metallurgy. "British manufacturers," said Dr. Stead, "are closely watching the Ebbw Vale furnace. There are a lot of new furnaces, plants of the most modern type, in course of erection all over the country. Every iron manufacturer is alive to possibilities in the situation, and everywhere they are making great improvements."

The Plunder of Nauru:

Lord Robert Cecil has fought so many losing battles for the decencies of foreign policy in the House of Commons that it is a special pleasure to congratulate him on a victory. He persuaded the Standing Committee to add ten significant words to the Government Bill for disposing of the phosphates of the island of Nauru. Under that Bill Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand buy out the German company that owned these deposits and take the deposits for their own use. In other words, the term "mandate" has no meaning, for these governments act as if the deposits were to be used by them precisely as they please, without waiting for authority from the League or considering the needs of the rest of the world. What they are doing is to deprive many countries that are in great distress of the life-blood of modern agriculture. It is not surprising that this piece of plunder strikes other countries as one of the most comical offences yet committed against the ideas of the League of Nations. Lord Robert Cecil's addition to the Bill consists of ten words, "subject to the provision of article 22 of the Covenant." That article stipulates, among other things, that "the degree of authority, control, or administration to be exercised by the mandatory shall, if not previously agreed upon by the members of the League, be explicitly defined in each case by the Council." If the League sanctions this monopoly of one of the necessaries of life urgently needed by several countries, it will proclaim its inability to carry out its simplest principles. Lord Robert Cecil was supported by Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Mr. Mosley, and Captain Coote, and we hope that a protest that comes from Liberals, Labor men, and this little group of sincere Conservatives may have the effect of inducing the Government to reconsider this transaction. Why should we be held up to the world as a nation that cares only for oil and phosphates while Europe is on the verge of ruin?

Englishmen Seeking Work in Russia?

The Moscow wireless states that "qualified British workers have arrived in Moscow from England, the reason for their coming to Russia being the lack of work in England. Those British workers will be distributed among the various works."

Chair of American History:

Viscount Rothermere has offered to the University of Oxford through the Chancellor, on certain specified conditions, a sum of £20,000 for the establishment and endowment of a professorship of the History of the United States of America, to be styled the Harold Vyvyan Harmsworth Professorship of American History, in memory of his son Captain, the Hon. Harold Vyvyan Harmsworth, M.C., Irish Guards, formerly a commoner of Christ Church, who was killed in the war.

In Convocation last Tuesday a decree was proposed gratefully accepting the offer, and decreeing the establishment of the professorship under the following conditions:—

The holder must at the time of his election be a citizen of the United States of America. He shall hold the professorship for 10 years, and shall be eligible for reappointment for one other period of 10 years. The appointment shall be made by an electoral board consisting of the American Ambassador at the time of the election, who shall have a casting vote, the Chancellor of the University, an elector nominated by the University and Lord Rothermere and each successive holder of the Viscounty, or an elector nominated by him. If the Viscounty shall become extinct, or the holder be a minor, or otherwise disqualified from acting as an elector, his place on the electoral board shall be taken by the Lord Chief Justice of England.

The new professorship is the third which Lord Rothermere has endowed at an English university. In 1910 he gave £20,000 to Cambridge University for the foundation of the King Edward VII. Chair of English Literature, which is held by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. In December, 1918, he gave a similar sum to Cambridge as an endowment fund for the Vere Harmsworth Professorship of Naval History, in memory of his second son, who was killed in the battle of the Ancre while serving with the Royal Naval Division. In February last year, as a regimental memorial to Captain Vyvyan Harmsworth, Lord Rothermere handed to trustees £10,000 five per cent War Loan, the annual income of which is to be applied in connection with the mess fund of the Irish Guards as the lieutenant-colonel may decide.

American Animals for the Zoo:

The Atlantic Transport S.S. Minnetonka, which berthed in the Thames some weeks ago, carried a splendid collection of North American animals for the Zoological Society of London.

Before the war the Zoological Society of New York arranged with the London Society for regular exchanges of animals. As soon as the Armistice was signed, Dr. Hornaday, Director of the Bronx Park, set to work on behalf of the London Zoo. The first fruits were five sea lions, which arrived more than a year ago and were generously presented by the Zoological Society of New York. The very large collection which has now arrived has taken many months to get together. The usual collectors had ceased work, and, especially in the case of mammals, almost nothing was coming into the market. At the last moment, it was impossible to send any beavers, as tuberculosis had broken out in the beaver colony in the Park, and the prairie dogs were too busily occupied with their spring family arrangements for ocean travel. Two white-tailed deer, some Canadian porcupines, two opossums, and two racoons are the most important of the arrivals of mammals. The collection of birds is large, amounting to over 200 individuals, representing many species, especially of song birds.

Credit Where Credit Is Due.

We are indebted to the Koreans for a far more useful invention than the ironclad warship. The first fount of metal type the world had ever seen was cast in Seoul about the year 1406. The art of printing by wooden type had been known to the Koreans for centuries, and clay type had also been used in Japan, but Korea was the first to recognize the need of a more permanent form of type. And so well did she fill the gap that metal type cast in the early fifteenth century has survived with very little wear and tear until now. Each type was built on the principle of the arch, being cylindrically concave on the under side. This was in order to secure a firm hold upon the bed of beeswax which constituted the "form." The types were imbedded in a shallow tray filled with wax, and the printer, after inking them by means of a soft brush, laid the paper thereon. A piece of felt was brushed softly across the paper with the right hand, and the left removed the printed page. In this way a skilled workman could strike off about 1,500 impressions in a day.

H. S. N.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

MILITARISM VERSUS BOLSHEVISM IN EUROPE.

(*Concluded.*)

[From a letter of Mrs. Ida Müller, an art teacher in Vienna, and an intimate friend of the late Baroness von Süttner, I make these extracts.—DAVID STARR JORDAN.]

The present situation cannot be described in a few words. The men of the government are the same as in war time. There is no free right of election. The faction at the head can make any changes in their view at elections at its liking. The same men are still in the National Assembly and in the government. The voters generally are hired with exhorbitant wages and gifts of provisions. Therefore food does not soften the real want. Provisions donated by the public vanish as into a bottomless barrel. It is to be hoped that the reparations commission may take vigorous control.

In my opinion the intolerable situation is aided by the coalition of the two factors — the Social Democrats and the Clericals. The Social Democrats always favor joining Germany—this Germany which was at all times the misfortune of my country before and during the cursed war, as Professor Lammasch also insisted. As in war time we fear that provisions destined for Austria are blocked in Germany. Their forbidding free commerce is absurd. Pan-germanists in Germany and here, few in number but this few very loud, are the same as you have described. The orders of the present government at Vienna are not friendly toward other fellow countries—in spite of the guaranteed right of emigration in all parts of New Austria. The district nearest to Vienna (Mädling) allows Vienna citizens a stay of three days. It is the same in Styria, Upper-Austria, Salzburg and Tyrol.

HENDRYK C. ANDERSEN.

[I have just received from an American friend and artist residing in Rome the following account of the operations of the Conference held in Italy under the League of Nations Council composed of Leon Bourgeois, Mr. Balfour, Sir Eric Drummond and others. It gives a discouraging outlook but it may be taken as the serious opinion of a man who has been a strong upholder of the League of Nations.—DAVID STARR JORDAN.]

"I continually see in the Rome papers that grand receptions are being held in their honor, they are entertained by the King, with details as to who sat at dinner on the left or the right of His Majesty, and a lot of rubbish which has no value whatever. It makes one feel a little that, should the League of Nations be formed by such men as these, the result could not help being that the world would be in a worse condition than it was before the war; for outside of a few simple questions of liberating the prisoners in Siberia, and looking after the welfare of war orphans, they seem to be absolutely without any constructive ideas or initiative force. On the other hand they appear to be merely governmental tools climbing the political ladder. Most of these men are composed of retired officials who have been of more or less service to their country and have studied the international situation to some extent. I am sorry to say that there does not seem to be the slightest indication of any spiritual motive in their work; and furthermore the slight questions which they deal with could be so well accomplished by philanthropic organizations or bodies of people who have united themselves to do this special work.

In saying this I do not wish you to feel that I am losing my faith in any way, as to the practical utility for humanity of the establishment of a League of Nations, but I am certainly losing my faith in the delegates who are representing for their governments the League of Nations, and I often think that it would be almost better to wipe out the whole business and begin over again, than to see this pathetic body of men without the slightest spiritual insight, plodding along and doing nothing: when my ideal as well as your own is for them to realize what a glorious benefit the establishment of a *real League of Nations* would mean for humanity, introduced at this moment, and what advantages it would give to the human race. And that as you know should the League be established in the right way it would be the means of obliterating forever the horrible necessity of war and crime.

If the governments do not seriously form a League of Nations, I can but foresee more terrible wars than the last, and imagine the earth which is already moist with innocent blood again saturated. I can also see an inexhaustible flame of corruption consuming those who are to come into life almost before they are born. It is terrible to look upon this tragic situation and feel that there is no power to prevent it, and if conditions go on in Europe as they are at present I can see no outcome but the most dreaded of all things, revolution."

UNITY is a weekly paper which for forty-two years, under the editorship of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, upheld the fundamental principles of religion, political economy, and social relations; and this policy is maintained under the new editors, John Haynes Holmes and Francis Neilson. During the War UNITY was steadfast to the cause of righteousness and good will among the peoples of the earth. It has constantly dealt with the grave economic and political problems of Europe and the rest of the world in a straightforward unflinching manner, and it has from time to time published information of deep interest to its readers with which no other paper in the United States has dealt. It is non-sectarian. It advocates free religion and equal opportunity, as the means of uniting all peoples in the bonds of fellowship and amity. UNITY seeks to direct the minds of its readers to all that is best in the world of thought as expressed in the literature of the day, and its literary reviews are not the least valuable part of the several departments which its staff conducts from week to week. There are men and women of international renown writing for its columns and its subscribers are to be found in all the important countries of the world.

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AT THE ALL FRIENDS' CONFERENCE, LONDON.

J. N. C. Ganguly (India) asked the Conference to pardon him for saying that the race problem was created by the Western peoples. It was due to the ancient Aryan prejudice—typical in India by Brahmanism—working itself out through exploitation, domination, extirpation and monopoly of supposedly inferior peoples. The Eastern philosophy of renunciation has left the Eastern peoples an easy prey to the domination of the West. Apart from Japan, the Western peoples have a monopoly of armaments; they lack any international consciousness; their form of Christianity is imperfect. These are the causes of the present situation. No room is left for the Eastern nations to expand. Accordingly men of the East are losing their faith in a God-created world, in which man, if he lives generously and modestly, can find provision for all his needs.

One of the most real dangers arises out of economic competition. This cannot be checked. Only spiritual co-operation can remove it. Nationalism is not enough. We require a new "humanism." At present hate and suspicion between East and West are rife. And because of the economic competition of the cheap labor of the East we may find that the capitalized wars are to be followed by a great war of labor, unless Western labor learns the religion of Christ. If these dangers are to be avoided we must have increased missionary effort, not in the East only, but in the West, for the reconversion of Europe to Christianity; and we must rise above race prejudice.—*Friend's Intelligencer.*

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